The Liberalist

VOLUME XXXIV FEBRUARY, 1958 Number 11

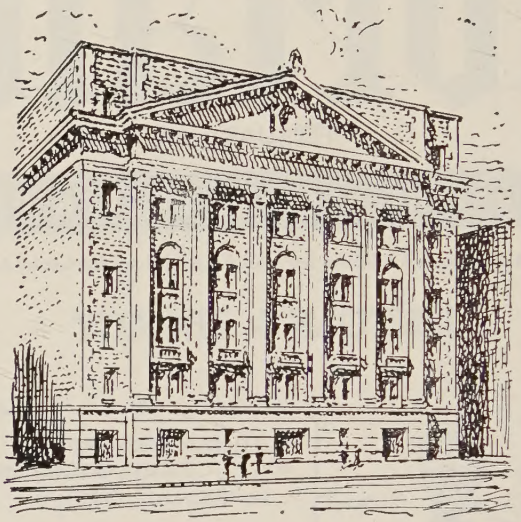
PUBLISHED BY THE PEOPLES CHURCH OF CHICAGO

LINCOLN'S LEGACY

Courtesy Institute for American Democracy, Inc.

Lives of great men all remind us
We can make our lives sublime,
And, departing, leave behind us
Footprints on the sands of time.

Longfellow



THE PEOPLES CHURCH OF CHICAGO

Lawrence Ave. at Sheridan Road

This Church was founded July 7, 1912, as a liberal independent church. It united with the American Unitarian Association, Western Unitarian Conference and National Federation of Religious Liberals in 1923. Property purchased for new building 1924. Ground broken June 14, 1925. Corner stone laid November 15, 1925. Church dedicated October 10, 1926. Preston Bradley has been the Pastor from the beginning of the Church.

Declaration of Principles

"The purpose of the church is to deal in plain terms with the supreme things in human life as measured by the rational conclusions of science and history. It seeks to promote a conception of nature, history and the meaning of life in accordance with the facts of experience and with the progress of growing knowledge. It is essentially religious, not in the traditional but in the scientific and ethical sense of the word. It regards religion as spiritual energy directing itself toward the enrichment of the individual life and the perfection of the social order. This church assumes the right of every one to think his or her own thoughts, and expects the greatest progress to follow from entire intellectual liberty and perfect freedom of judgment. It welcomes to its membership all who wish to co-operate in making a world which shall be enlightened by knowledge, guided by reason and animated by good-will."

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Mastering Fear
Courage For Today
Power From Right Thinking
Life and You
Meditations
My Daily Strength
Happiness Through Creative Living

ALONG THE WAY

By DR. PRESTON BRADLEY

The Study, 30th December, 1957.

INASMUCH as we are not returning to Chicago until January 21st, it will be too late for me to tell you about our trip to the West Indies and Venezuela for this issue. I will give you a day by day account of the trip in the March issue. The demands of a monthly publication are such that this complication is unavoidable. Here I am, seated at my desk in the Study writing this on the next-to-the-last day of 1957. You will not be reading it until early February of 1958. I wish there were some way this could be avoided but there isn't. We try to have the magazine out by the first of each month. Sometimes this is quite difficult, particularly when we have had such a busy winter.

* * *

We are still in the glow of the Christmas Season, with our Watch Night Service tomorrow night.

This has been for me one of the happiest and most joyous seasons I have ever known in the church. The Christmas season is always a nostalgic time for me because of the many happy memories with which it is associated. This is true of most of us and adds a depth to the beauty and significance of the season.

The season began for the church on the first Sunday of December when I spoke on "Are You Getting Ready for Christmas?" The weather has been unusually kind to us all during the month. Most of the time the temperature has been above normal. We have not had a single Sunday of rain. This is a contributing factor to our attendance, because many of our congregation come from long distances and are dependent upon public transportation. The CTA bus service on Sunday is much curtailed and if you miss one bus you will probably wait from half an hour to 45 minutes for another one, but our attendance at all of our services and events has surpassed last year and has been our best for many years.

I cannot write yet of our New Year's Eve service, because that comes tomorrow night, but if the almost Spring-like weather which we are having holds over for tomorrow evening, we will have a triumphant Watch Night service.

I have been unusually busy in radio and television all month and recorded several Christmas messages which have been given on various radio stations in Chicago. There was one day on which we tuned in and heard a Christmas message on three different stations. Tomorrow night I am appearing with Bob Elson on his program at six o'clock on WBKB, Channel 7, in which I am going to give a New Year's message. This of course has all been in addition to our three broadcasts every Sunday, to which is now being added a fourth broadcast on WKFM (103.5 FM) station which will broadcast the Sunday morning 11 o'clock service on Sunday evening at 9:30. This means that three times each Sunday the people will be able to hear the morning service of our church. The opportunity of radio and TV extends tremendously the area of our work and is an opportunity which I deeply appreciate. In addition to all this, I am going on WGN-TV, Channel 9, at 10 p.m. every Saturday, beginning Saturday night, February 1st.

It is a most critical moment for the whole world, and having an opportunity of reaching an ever-widening audience is one which brings great responsibility. One of the many advantages in maturing or, as some people say, growing old (a phrase which I never use) is that one lives long enough to see either the affirmation or denial of one's basic attitude toward life. It is not given to many as they mature with the years to experience the deep satisfaction that no matter what has happened in the world or in one's own country it is not necessary to change one's basic philosophy of life. I never remember when I did not believe—and I have put something of it into every sermon, lecture, book and broadcast I have ever made,—that this is a universe of basic integrity; that evil in whatever form, in the nation, in the individual, in an ideology, does not have permanency and will not have the last word. This is not a pollyanna attitude that "God is in his heaven, all's right with the world." To me that is a ridiculous statement. God had better be somewhere else in this kind of a world than in Heaven, and He is. That all is right with the world only a stupid person would say. It's a time for realistic thinking and a realistic approach to the myriads of problems which surround us all with an ever-increasing intensity; but this is far different than accepting the idea that evil and evil powers and evil thoughts are going to be the masters of men. What this cold war is about fundamentally is an effort to capture the minds of men. I have never doubted for one moment of my life that the excellent is the permanent. Man has struggled through the centuries and will continue to do so. War, flood, famine, hurricane, earthquakes and plagues have never been far from his habitation, but out of it all comes a sublimation of man's highest and best self, which ultimately triumphs. This is true not only of an individual, but it is true of nations. I think it was Carlyle who said that a nation is but the epitome of an individual. That is true.

Under-girding the whole cosmic structure is a fundamental rectitude. Design, purpose and objective are plainly visible to the realistic mind. Man only gets into trouble when he gets out of harmony with that basic and divine truth. Therefore, nothing which has happened or is happening in this world has compelled me to surrender this basic faith. That inspires one to be not a pessimist, nor an optimist, but a meliorist. To me this is the very point a great many superficial optimists, who deny the reality of the evil designs in the world, miss in their thinking; but that the ultimate victory belongs to goodness, truth and beauty, the eternal trinity toward which man will increasingly gravitate even though he is experiencing the tragedy of hate, confusion, discord and conflict. So in the closing hours of an old year I carry over into the new the same under-girding of my philosophy which has always been there and which has never been disturbed nor eradicated by the conduct of men and of nations.

When tyranny is on the dust heap of history and it will be, the philosophy of freedom, as presented from Plato to Lincoln, will still be the greatest motivation in the souls of men. So it is without fear, but with deep concern, we wait for the unfoldment of the new year. My only resolution, not but that I ought to make many perhaps, but my only resolution is to do all I can with my opportunity and under my limitations which are many, to advance the cause of comity and understanding between the nations and the peoples of the earth of every creed

and race. There is nothing new for me in this resolution. It has characterized my entire ministry and will do so until the final sermon.

* * *

All month long I have been privileged to meet and address various groups, organizations and occasions. As I look back in these last few hours of the year and the month, I do not recall that I have ever had a busier time or met with a greater variety of opportunities. I started off the month by addressing the Methodist Ministers Association of the Chicago Area in the Chicago Temple. This is the third time during my ministry that I have been invited to address this fine group of spiritual leaders in the city. There was a large attendance of busy ministers. I always sense a slight resistance in speaking to an audience which I know is composed only of ministers. Somehow I cannot help but feel that their attitude is one of comparison and sometimes I think each one must be saying to himself "Well, I could do it better," or "I would do it differently." This is only an assumption on my part, because I have never had a more responsive group of ministers than I had on this occasion. I was delighted to renew old friendships with several, and was particularly honored to have in the audience (and who expressed himself after my address) a man who has spent a lifetime educating and inspiring young ministers and who served so effectively as President of Garret Institute of Northwestern University — the Rev. Dr. Horace G. Smith. I was delighted to see him in such fine physical form, and his prayer preceding the address revealed the depth of his own spiritual sensitivity and the acuteness of his understanding of the needs of people. Dr. Charles Goff, the distinguished minister of the First Methodist Church, the Chicago Temple, was also in the congregation, and I had a delightful conversation with him after the address. What a great institution the Chicago Temple is! It is probably the finest opportunity for any minister in the United States and Dr. Goff is meeting the opportunity and the challenge as effectively as it could be met by anyone. I admire him greatly. His simplicity, his humor, his practicality, the almost intimate conversational tone of his delivery, all enhance the truth of his message. All in all I came out of this experience receiving I am sure much more than I was able to give, but the kindness of the reception, the response which they gave to me will linger long in my memory.

* * *

The next day I was privileged to address the Chicago Rabbinical Association, which is composed of the leading Rabbis in Chicago, at a luncheon. This address was a part of the workshop sponsored by WGN-TV and WGN, on the technique of religious broadcasting and how religious broadcasting could be made more effective. This affair was largely inspired by the vision of one of the most unusual young men I have ever met and who is rapidly making for himself an enviable reputation throughout the entire field of radio and television in the United States. I had the opportunity several years ago of moderating a program called "Your Right to Say It," which was Mr. Ward Quaal's creation when he was associated with WGN. After an interim spent in radio and television in other parts of the United States he was called back as General Manager of WGN and WGN-TV. Since he took hold of the reins of those stations they have advanced construc-

tively and creatively in the field of radio to a greater extent than any other stations in the United States. His vision, his comprehension of the responsibilities of radio and TV are unsurpassed. I predict that he will be one of the best-known personalities in the entire field within a very short time. It is inspiring and hopeful for those of us who have been in this field since the beginning to see what happens when the Ward Quaal type of leadership appears on the scene. Representatives of the Chicago Church Federation in the field of radio and television and in other organizations were present at the workshop. The reception which I had was most inspiring and I came away from the meeting hopeful for the increasing effectiveness of radio and television in helping to meet the problems of our day.

* * *

31st December.

One of the most interesting evenings of the month I spent out at the phenomenal suburban area called Park Forest. I have never known any area close to a great city which has had the development to be found there. I was invited to address the annual Youth Meeting of the Rotary, Kiwanis and Lions Clubs, and I have seldom experienced a greater feeling of civic unity than I felt that night. Most of the churches were represented by their ministers. The thing which impressed me was the youthful character of the audience. This is to be expected in a comparatively new community, but in many cities where I have spoken before a similar group, the age limit has been much older than was that of this group. The service clubs have been responsible for many important community achievements and I always find it an exhilarating experience to speak before them.

* * *

One of the finest things which could happen to the cultural life of our city was the coming of Dr. John Reich and his attractive wife to the Kenneth Sawyer Goodman Theatre of the Chicago Art Institute. Dr. Reich is a distinguished director. Born in Vienna, tutored under Max Rinehart, he has the necessary background for meeting the challenge of the contemporary theatre. June and I were privileged the other evening to have dinner at the home of Mrs. Hopkins, formerly Mrs. Kenneth Sawyer Goodman. At the dinner was the Reverend Harrison Gray Anderson, the distinguished pastor of the Fourth Presbyterian Church, Professor Neff, professor of philosophy at the University of Chicago, and others. At my right was Mrs. Reich, and at my left Mrs. Howard Fenton. After the dinner we all went to the opening in the Goodman Theatre of the old play "Everyman," using Dr. Reich's own translation. It was a memorable evening and for the first time in many years the Goodman Theatre will meet the hopes of the theatre loving people of Chicago in bringing a creative theatre to us. The theatre was filled at this opening performance. We are going to try and see every play which Dr. Reich presents, and also hope to have one of the plays which I saw, "The Bloody Tenant," given in the church before the season closes. I met Dr. Reich first at the opening luncheon of the Friends of Literature. I sensed immediately from our conversation and in his own address that here was a man to fulfill the destiny for which the Goodman Theatre was ordained.

* * *

During the month I also addressed the Chicago Area Liberal Ministers

Association, an association composed of the liberal ministers of the area. The membership is largely made up of the Unitarian and Universalist ministers. I was elected early in the season President of this association and was invited to give the address at the December meeting on "The Meaning of Christmas to a Religious Liberal." We have a fine group of ministers in the liberal church in this area. I enjoy each of them. Though there is a diversity of theological thought there is a great unity in the liberal attitude. Liberal religion in the Chicago area is growing. All of our churches are flourishing, and some are building new buildings. All this is most inspiring and encouraging to us who have been pioneers in this area.

* * *

One of the loveliest evenings we have had in the whole season was when we were invited by Dr. and Mrs. Charles Clayton Morrison to have dinner with them at the Congress Hotel and then attend the Symphony Concert immediately following. There were only two other guests, Dr. and Mrs. Theodore Gill. Dr. Morrison was the founder and is now the editor emeritus of the most widely read religious magazine in America—the Christian Century. He also founded "The Pulpit," a monthly magazine of sermons which has the largest circulation among clergymen of any magazine I know. Both of these magazines come to my desk every week and are indispensable. Dr. Gill, whom I have heard preach in his own pulpit, the West Side Presbyterian Church of New York, and his brother, Dr. James Gill, with whom I once crossed the Atlantic, were born in Eveleth, Minnesota, near our beloved Lake Vermilion. I knew their father and mother and am delighted at the progress they have both made in their chosen fields.

We had a wonderful dinner conversation, to be coronated with a most appealing Symphony Concert of Brahms in Orchestra Hall, conducted by Fritz Reinart. Francis Catti, the distinguished internationally known violinist was the soloist. What finer evening can one spend than with friends in good conversation and listening to impeccable music. This evening spent with our dear friends will linger on in our memories.

* * *

Well, here it is, the last day of the old year. I am writing these words in the early afternoon before I leave for a funeral, then the TV broadcast over WBKB at six o'clock, in which I am making a New Year's talk, then our Watch Night Service tonight at 11 o'clock, when I shall watch the old year out and welcome the new with the folks I love of our church, then home and to bed.

You will be reading these words after a whole month has passed of 1958. I am writing them on the last day of 1957. Might we all say with the poet Whittier:

"I know not what the future holds of marvel or surprise;
I only know that underneath his mercy underlies."

I shall give you in the March issue a day by day account of our Winter holiday which begins tomorrow, New Year's Day.

Keep looking up.

Security is mostly a superstition. It does not exist in nature, nor do the children of men as a whole experience it. Avoiding danger is no safer in the long run than outright exposure. The fearful are caught as often as the bold. Faith alone defends.

—*Helen Keller*

BROADCASTS BY DR. BRADLEY

Every Sunday

WAIT—1 p.m.—Peoples Church Service

WKFM (103.5 FM)—9:30 p.m.—Peoples Church Service

WBBM—7:30 a.m.—"Words and Music"—Dr. Bradley, Choir and Quartet

WCFL—5:45 p.m.—Vesper Broadcast—Dr. Bradley

WGN-TV Channel 9, Every Saturday at 10 p.m.—Dr. Bradley

WKFM (103.5 FM)—Every weekday, 9:30 p.m.—"Candletime"—Rev. Virgil A Kraft

BOOK LECTURES IN THE PEOPLES CHURCH

941 Lawrence at Sheridan

by Dr. Bradley

February 5—"The Organization Man" by William H. Whyte, Jr.

March 5—"Majority of One" by Sydney J. Harris

April 2—"How the Bible Was Written"

In the Chicago Public Library

Randolph and Michigan

Thursday noons in February, Dr. Bradley will present a Biographical Series

February 6—Albert Schweitzer, The Modern Prophet

February 13—Mohandas Gandhi, The Soul of India

February 20—Count Tolstoy, The True Russian

Feberuary 27—Konrad Adenauer, The New Germany

FEB. 25TH–MEN'S CLUB PRESENTS

"SHOW BIZ"—8 p.m.

A History of the "Home Talent" Show Illustrated with colored slides

By L. E. McCloy

Open Meeting **Ladies Welcome** **Guest fee 50c**

The Liberalist

FREEDOM—FELLOWSHIP—CHARACTER

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EDITORIAL

ONE hundred and thirty-four years ago today, in a one-room cabin with a dirt floor, and lighted by one lonely window, Abraham Lincoln was born. From that lowly birth, through struggle and sorrow, he has achieved fame and greatness and his life is an inspiring story to thrill and ennoble millions. One cannot think of America without thinking of Lincoln. Lincoln only lived fifty-six years as we count time, but he will live for all time. Seven of those years he spent in Kentucky, fourteen in Indiana, thirty-one in Illinois and four in Washington. The preparation for his unparalleled life started very early. He was surrounded from the beginning by political controversy and problems whose solution was to become the great achievement of his life.

As a mere boy he began the study of the Declaration of Independence. He analyzed it, he took its doctrines apart and scrutinized them. The one American from whom Lincoln quoted more than any other was Thomas Jefferson. Lincoln studied the Constitution of the United States and spent many an hour over the Revised Statutes of Indiana. These are not text books, though he used them as such. He saw in these documents something more than printed pages. He beheld the country itself a nation of breathing souls not yet having attained unto the ideas of the fathers. There was romance in these political papers. He read them not for the hour or the day, but for all time. Instead of reading books interpreting these historic writings, he went to the fountain itself.

When I first started speaking on Lincoln more than thirty years ago, almost every audience had a great many people in it who had known him, seen him and talked with him—people who at times were rather intimately associated with him—but with the passing of the years, the people who knew Lincoln and the people who knew the people who knew Lincoln are very rapidly passing away. It will not be very long until the people who knew the people who knew Lincoln will have passed as well, and we will face the future with the Lincoln crystallized only in the pages of books and living by the results of his own pen and mind. I can say nothing new about him. The poets, the artists, the historians, the statesmen, the philosophers, the business men, for nearly one hundred years have been paying

their tributes; and all I hope to do in this month of his birth, is to express my affection, my gratitude and my obligation.

You cannot explain Lincoln by any environmental or hereditary laws. You can explain the development of his fine body by the physical exercise attendant upon poverty. You can explain the virility of his life by that poverty. All through his young manhood he had to deal with realities. He possessed that fundamental, elemental, primitive quality which I think is at the basis of all true greatness—his enduring sense of what is right and what is wrong. With him there never was a compromise when right and wrong were involved. There was something so fundamental in Lincoln, a prevailing accuracy in determining values. He wasn't very much of a politician, and he wasn't very much of a lawyer. He didn't depend so much upon legal knowledge to win what cases he did win, as he did depend upon intuition, wit and observance of human nature. He didn't distinguish himself as a politician nor lawyer, nor in the military service. Homespun, angular, roughhewn, his face so homely it was beautiful, sculptured by heart-distress, a home which he never went into when he could go anywhere else—no library in it, no den, no cozy nook. He walked the highway of life alone, and in the hour of his greatest crisis, he took his little boy Tad, whom he loved, and whom he had taken into the sublime depths of his affection, standing there in the window of the White House, looking across to the silver thread of the Potomac beyond, by moonlight, putting his arms around his little boy, he said: "Tad, I don't understand life."

Disappointed in youth, his heart misunderstood—no man America has ever produced was ever hated more than Abraham Lincoln—and how they did hate him in some parts of the country. Accusations were hurled against him. And this boy who ran away from his own wedding, who stood by two graves, the grave of his mother and the girl he loved, lonely as a sentinel upon the seashore, betrayed in his own camp, with Copperheads everywhere—did any one man in American life ever face a more difficult fight? Catching a glimpse of the place that destiny had carved out for him; one of the most tragic and yet most sublime figures in all history is the glimpse of Lincoln as he stands on the back of his train, on the back platform of the train that pulled out of Springfield, for Washington, when he was on his way to the inauguration. Looking into the faces of his friends and neighbors who had gathered at the station to bid him farewell, Lincoln said: "Let me live to prove that we can cultivate the natural world that is about us and the intellectual and moral world that is within us, so that we may secure an individual, social and political prosperity whose course shall be forward and which, while the earth endures, shall not pass away." With these words he turned and entered his coach —and the rest is history. When those about him later in Washington tried to influence Lincoln to par issues, to condescend and compromise, Lincoln stood like Gibraltar.

Abraham Lincoln knew eternal values. Out of the schoolhouse and depth of his own tragedies and his own sorrow came that great strength and that great poise. He could be quiet because he had known what storms meant. He could be loving because he had known what it meant to be loveless. He could be friendly because he knew what it meant to be friendless. He sleeps—and yet is more alive than any of us. As the years pass,

and time goes on, other names will be forgotten, other personalities which grace the stage of action will have passed away. Other names will not even be a memory. They will have been washed out of the years. But one name, one name will be here. And when a new day has dawned for civilization, there will still be living, throbbing, breathing, vibrating, the noble heart of Abraham Lincoln. Another Lincoln may be now on the way in this torn and twisted world. He will come, the great heart of humanity will see him, and he will go on and on until that which is wrong shall be made right, and the desert shall blossom again like the rose, and every man and every woman shall have a chance by their own fireside and in their own vine-clad cottage, to live life on the basis of beauty and peace; and when that new hour comes, and the time dawns, at midnight, when it is dark and quiet, he will walk the battlements of the sky—tall, ungainly, but altogether beautiful, and that face, all lined and furrowed by the sculpture of grief and pain, will know a smile, and he will be able to say, as he looks down upon the earth: "Ah! Right does make might, after all! And look! The government of my people; the government for my people; the government by my people has not perished from the earth!"

A blend of mirth and sadness, of smiles and tears,
A quaint knight errant of the pioneers;
A homely hero, born of star and sod;
A peasant-prince: a masterpiece of God.

"A Hilltop View of Life"

Sermon by DR. PRESTON BRADLEY
Pastor of the Peoples Church of Chicago
December 29, 1957

JUST south of the village where I was born there was a lovely hillside which was one of a series of hills called The Tyrone Hills. I knew those hills as a small lad—I know them and love them today. They were only hills, they were not mountains; they didn't have the majestic height that many of the great highlands have of our continent—they were hills, but they were rather high hills, and you could go up to the top of one of The Tyrone Hills and you could count thirty-six lovely little inland lakes sparkling in the sunshine like myriads of diamonds! It was a scene that I often sought. And as a little boy being born on the banks of a river amidst the lake area, where we had hundreds of little lakes, I used to go up on the hilltop and look out upon the beauty of that pastoral loveliness! That view has remained one of the great inspirations of my life! And when the stress and strain and anxiety and confusion of life sweeps in upon me, I go back in my imagination to my boyhood hilltop and I look out again with a hilltop-point-of-view!

The year that is about to come to a conclusion will probably be one of the most strategic years in the annals of our nation and of the world, and the reason for that observation is too obvious for me to spend your time or my energy in further elucidation, for we are all familiar with the reason for that statement! We can centralize our thought upon two things as being, probably, the focal point about which this year's importance will revolve in human history: the first is Little Rock, and the next is Sputnik! These two things will be identifying factors in the contribution of the year Nineteen

Hundred and Fifty-seven to human history!

I am concerned this morning not with analyzing either one of them nor of making them the subject of a sermon or an address to you—quite the contrary! I'm going into another area of this year Nineteen Hundred and Fifty-seven, and particularly the closing weeks and months of the year and what they mean to the future!

I look with not a little anxiety myself upon the present mood of America, a mood which has been created because our complacency has been disturbed; a mood that, because we have been beaten in the skies, has resulted in a great many Americans beginning to be doubtful about the perpetuity of our own culture and the future stability of our own economy; that has resulted in a wave, almost, of mass hysteria which has resulted in a manifestation in many areas of a feeling that something's the matter with our education; that something is fundamentally wrong with our public schools; and even though we are in the midst of the greatest era of renaissance in the field of religion ever known in my lifetime, still Mr. Edgar G. Hoover, the head of the F.B.I., a few hours ago, released a statement to the American people that crime had increased seven and one-half percent last year in America and was increasing daily; and, nothwithstanding the fact that more people were killed on the highways of America in the year Nineteen Hundred and Fifty-seven than were killed in the First World War—on the highways of America—notwithstanding the appalling significance of all this, based upon the fact that a potential enemy has been able to conquer sidereal space, the direct reaction from that has been an assault all along the line of our American institutions, our American ideals, our American potentiality and the survival ability of our American basic character!

Ladies and gentlemen, in my last live broadcast in the last Sunday Morning Service of this church for the year, with the impending situation that I will not return to this pulpit until the twenty-sixth of January, the last Sunday of the first month of the new year, I want to make these moments as effective as I possibly can with my limitations in what I believe ought to be said to the American people, and which represent my own deep convictions in the responsibility which is mine! Any person who has the responsibility of radio and of television in this age ought to accept that responsibility with a sense of consecration, for he who creates public opinion is the greatest power in the democracy! And the institution and the person who has the opportunity of creating public opinion is the greatest power in the democratic process! That's why I welcome, increasingly, radio and television opportunity, for I feel almost a divine imperative that the American people will not become off-centered and will not develop hysteria and, above all, will not lose their sense of values! I am completely and solely opposed to this idea and to the technique that we must discard the well-established and well authenticated American technique under the pressure of any atheistic, communistic philosophy anywhere in the world!

I am not afraid for the survival value of my nation; I am not worried about the eternal survival of truth and goodness and beauty in the world! I have a greater faith in the future of America than I have ever had in my life on this last Sunday morning of an old year! I know there's lots wrong

with American education; I know there's lots wrong with American religion; I know there's lots wrong with American business—I know that there are lots of things wrong, I am not an ostrich; I am not putting my head in the sand! I'm being realistic as I look at the picture, but I know something else! I know that everything that is wrong with American education and with American business and with our American economy and with the whole structure of our American system, I know this: that whatever is wrong with it, I want it to be solved the American way! I'm not worried under the pressure of science, or the idea that somebody can climb to the moon, and the billions and billions and billions of dollars that will be spent in the field of science to conquer space —I'm not worried about that. I know deep down in my heart, and every page of human history, every page; not just a page here and there, but *every* page of human history says this: "I, the eternal God, still live. I have my dreams for man. I will neither leave thee nor forsake thee! I, the Lord, am thy God!"

That means that the values of goodness and truth and honor and integrity will be working out in the affairs of men when the Kremlin is dust and the atheistic altars of Communism have failed the people of the world—and they will! They will fail the people—have no doubt about that! And in that hour the people, the people of the world—Russians, Chinese, the Indians —people we love, will realize the depth of the failure and they will turn by the millions to the voice of faith and hope!

So, I'm not going to be hysterical; I'm not going to let them worry me—I'm going to deepen my roots and put down my roots deeper in the fundamental faith of my country and my people! When Khrushchev is remembered only for the tragedies which have been created, we will still have Abraham Lincoln! When the present schools of America, now criticized and condemned by those who are afraid, are remembered no more, we will still have Horace Mann and William James and Dr. Elliott and my dear, old president, President Angel—they will still be here when all the rest are dust! So, for 1958 I am going to keep ringing the bell of courage, of faith, of hope, like my dear, old Professor Elwill of the University of William & Mary who, in Eighteen Hundred and Eighty-one, when that University had to close its doors and for seven years that lovely college, William & Mary—the roof leaked, there wasn't a student, not a student, but the old Professor Elwill went every morning to the chapel and rang the chapel bell! That's what you should be doing; I'm going to—ring the bell of men's hopes! And now, infinite heart of love and of beauty, give us the courage, give us the strength to greet the unseen, like the poet Browning, with a cheer!

"LOVE IS ENOUGH"

Sermon by Dr. PRESTON BRADLEY
Pastor of the Peoples Church of Chicago
December 15, 1957

I HOLD in my hand here a little book which is a classic. It's small, as the congregation can see. The radio congregation can't see how lovely it is and how convenient it is to carry with one, but it's a little classic. It's a book which I have probably read a dozen times, and probably will read it

a dozen times more! I don't know how many of you have ever read it, but I wish with all my heart that you would. It would be a beautiful experience for you. If any of you have your roots in Ulster, where mine are, you will know this little book because it is one of those little gems of literary beauty and creative skill of a great author, founded upon fact. It is not a novel and it is not a story—I think you could best call it a little autobiography. It's a few leaves out of the life of one of the greatest men I have ever known, and I knew him intimately and well! And three times in his life he sat in this church and worshipped here with us. His name is Dr. Alexander Irvine, and the book is "My Lady of the Chimney Corner." It is published by Collins Clear-Type Press, London and Glasgow. The subject of my sermon came from the book: "Love Is Enough."

It is the story of Alexander Irvine's father and mother when they first met as youngsters in far-away Ulster in County Antrim north of Belfast. She was rather well-educated for her status; was a Roman Catholic. The father, Jamie, was a Protestant boy. And these two met and immediately felt that almost mystical spirit that exists between two people who know that they love each other and who know that love transcends any barriers or any chasms or any differences, whether it is religion or poverty or wealth or social status or whatever it is; that that love transcends them all! Her family seriously objected to the marriage, and so did his. But, in spite of these objections, these two youngsters, Anna and Jamie, decided to walk along the highway of the years together!

They were not married by a Roman Catholic priest, nor were they married by an Orangeman pastor or Protestant minister—they were married in the Church of Ireland, and they started out to walk down the highway of life together. They finally located in a little place called Antrim, in County Antrim. They were very poor. He was a shoemaker—repaired shoes; she was the wife and the mother! They had eight children, and Alexander Irvine was the ninth child of Jamie and Anna!

They lived in a little Irish cottage, which I have often visited. I never go to Ireland that I don't go to Antrim and visit this little cottage with its thatched roof and dirt floor! There are only three small rooms in it with a loft, where they climb up a ladder, for one of the bedrooms! It's called "Pogue's Entry" and it's right off the main street in the town of Antrim, and if you are driving to Londonderry from Belfast you will go right by it, and you can stop and go in and you can see this little home where lived "My Lady of the Chimney Corner." Jamie and Anna went through the famine together — when one million Irishmen starved to death, while they paid taxes to absentee landlords in England! The Irish will starve but, begorra, they'll pay their debts! And in this little cottage they lived through this poverty together!

Alexander Irvine was born in that little cottage, on a dirt floor! He was a young man of unusual promise, but knew nothing but poverty! In eighteen hundred and eighty-eight, which was the year I was born, he came over to the United States, secured his education; became a clergyman and worked in several important churches in New York City and also in The Bowery! He had a great social sensitivity—his work was with the poor and the unfortunate and the forgotten! He even went so far as to write a one-act play, and this one-act play was a great presentation of social injustice! He

acted in that play—one of the two clergymen that I know of in the United States who ever went into the theater and spent part of his time as an actor, but he did! You might have seen that one-act play — he played it here in Chicago! I went to see it twice! He played the part of a minister in this one-act play! That was in the days of the old vaudeville theaters and he played it at the Palace right here in the Loop, and he wore his black robe as a clergyman in the play and attracted a great deal of attention, and many of the critics spoke most favorably of him! And while he was here his mother died—this dear, old lady who had grown up in the school of discipline in poverty.

He went back to see his father and his father received him as did the community—glady. He was preaching in one of the great churches of Belfast, but he went out to his little home. Now I'm going to read you what was found in his papers after he, himself had died: "My feelings, as I walked into 'Pogue's Entry' recently, are more easily imagined than described! A deep sense of sadness overwhelmed me. I was a stranger! The outward appearance of the 'Entry' is not altered, but the inside of our old home has changed considerably. Odd, how indescribably empty that chimney corner! In a moment of mute emotion I seemed to see that radiant face turn, as it always did, to the stranger, and I seem to hear that soft voice saying: 'You'll be wantin' a cup of tea, I'm thinkin' '. And Jamie! Ah, aye, long, long since his hammer had ceased and his awls were scattered! How strange to be standing again on that mud floor, gaping vacantly into every nook and corner! I didn't remain long—only a few minutes! The tears were coming, and the sight of a man with tears in his eyes would be a town's talk! A swift glance at the wee hap loft—my bed place for many years! A dazed look into a vacant corner, then a slight change of posture just to stand for a moment on the very spot where Jamie's worn bench stood—and I was gone again!

"How could anybody understand? How can I understand fully, myself, the spiritual significance of it all? Greater than all schools, all colleges, all churches; more sacred than the holiest shrine, to me, is that poor little corner where my lady, skilled in the anatomy of misfortune, sent forth light and healing to those in need! Surely, while I live, she never can be considered dead! After a visit to the chimney corner we went to the old church yard to see the memorial stone placed over their graves by the people of Belfast. I had asked that nothing ornate should be used. My wish was respected. Covering the spot is a plain slab of granite on which their names are cut, and below their names 'LOVE IS ENOUGH!' "

Where did the phrase come from? When his father and mother had decided that they would share life together, they looked at all the obstacles and "My Lady of the Chimney Corner" said: "Jamie — Love Is Enough!"

Last year, I went to that village church yard when I was in Belfast, I stood at their grave—but it has another grave now, for the ashes of Alexander Irvine rest in the grave with his mother and father! And over that grave is the plain marble slab with the names Jamie Irvine and Anna Irvine, and the only inscription is "Love Is Enough." Ladies and gentlemen, it is! And may the infinite spirit of love help us all to know and understand that "Love Is Enough."

The most beautiful conclusion of

"My Lady of the Chimney Corner" was when Dr. Irvine was visiting, for the last time, his father: "A little group of curious by-standers stood on the platform watching the little, trembling, old man clinging to me as the tendril of a vine clings to the trunk of a tree. 'We've just one minute, father'. 'Aye, aye. One minute! My God, why couldn't you stay!' 'There are so many voices calling me over the sea!' 'Aye. That's true.' He saw them watching me and he feebly dragged me away from the crowd. He kissed me again and again. The whistle blew — 'All aboard!' the guard shouted. A few months later they lowered him to rest beside my mother! I want to go back some day and cover them with a slab of marble on which their names will be cut, and these words: 'Love is Enough!' "

BOOK CHATS

"WALTER LOCKE is as sensitive to America's meaning — all of America's meanings—as any living man. And no one has told us what we are, who we are, and why we are as we are, with more grace and grandeur. I am grateful that this wise and gentle man has been persuaded to write this important book."

The above paragraph is what Adlai E. Stevenson says of Walter Locke's "This World My Home." Walter Locke has written *Whistling Post, Ohio, A Cash Transaction, Halcyon Days,* and *This World My Home.* In the latter book the author spans a range of American culture and history that extends from his boyhood in the primitive culture of the West Virginia hills, to the nineteenth century civilization of railroad politics and prairie farming in Nebr., then to the industrial cities of the twentieth century.

He was editor of the Dayton Daily News for twenty-five years and made its editorial page one of the best in the country. He is now Senior Editor, continuing his column, "Trends of the Times," for the Cox newspapers in Ohio, Georgia and Florida.

Brooks Atkinson, in his introduction to the book, says of Mr. Locke and the book: "This unique range of experience would be only a curiosity if Mr. Locke were not a unique man. He is. He knows the significance of what he has been through. Although he has climbed out of old civilizations into the newest one, he has not forgotten what he has learned. He has not forgotten the people, the customs, or the moral states of mind. . .

"He is an American sage who has more knowledge than most people and a deeper perspective than any man I know. He loves America . . But he is aware of and concerned with the unevenness of a technological development that has outgrown its spiritual strength. . .

"Technically, it is autobiography. But it is also a social and spiritual history of America. It is written by the only man who has the experience, the purity of character and the literary skill to render such an account of our national life. The account balances."

This is a small book—171 pages, yet it has many chapters; but the chapters are all short, with three or four pages to a chapter. So you might like to

know what story the chapter headings will tell. Here they are:
My Aunt Lide, her home—The world of my father and mother—This world beyond—Cousins, salvation, sorrow—My world and school—A new world: its men—A captive and a king—The rockpile: a dying age — An opulent poverty—The great debate—At school —Across the continent—Omnipresent politics—Paradise Lost—World of a book or two—Up, on and off—University afoot—The Fortieth Street Road — A captain of industry — Key to politics—The journalistic sea—I run away—Progress and its pains—Just a man or two—The wind blew a gale—A sound of revelry—The world of men — The surging century — Interlude: world of John Halcyon—Singers on my way — Makers of a world — The outside of the platter—The crash of worlds — The good I've seen — The world to come.

Walter Locke is only 82 years old. He was born in 1875 in a log cabin in the West Virginia Hills, where his mother, father and neighbors lived much in the style of the Plymouth and Jamestown settlers; and his life has bridged three centuries of American civilization. In other parts of America the post-Civil War industrial expansion was radically altering the pattern of life. Yet the folks in Pleasant County, West Virginia, were hardly aware of the violent changes that were taking place in the North and West.

When Mr. Locke was still a boy his father moved the family to Nebraska, and as a boy and youth he broke rock by hand in a stone quarry, sold newspapers, farmed, taught district school and eventually joined the staff of the Nebraska State Journal in Lincoln. When he was fifty-one he plunged head-first into the twentieth century and at the invitation of Governor James M. Cox, he became editor of the Dayton Daily News. "Life for me was just beginning," he says of his arrival in Dayton in 1927.

The things he loves are nature (birds particularly), poetry, literature, music, religion and history. The older folks of today will especially love his chapter on "The world of my father and mother." In four and a half pages you have as perfect a picture of that father and mother as any artist could draw.

In the final paragraph of the chapter he says: "Sky-high as the distance gathers, a shining mountain range of years appears. Clearer and fairer than this very morning's light they loom, those years, no more than a handful, when I lived with my father in the woods, with my mother washing dishes in the house. Here was the bringing up from which, whether or not in the way he should go, the child does not depart when he is old."

After describing his work with his father in the woods, he writes:

"Out in the woods, day after day, week after week, we worked together, my father and I. With his frow he split the staves. I piled them up. With the axe we had sharpened I stripped the 'cuts' of their bark. I hurried to get ahead of him. Then, while he was catching up, I could hunt for May apples and ginseng roots, or set a rabbit trap.

"There was little talking. There was small need to talk. We understood each other, my father and I, with little use for words. He never argued. I could not 'talk back' to him, of course, even had I wanted to. Children in those days did not 'sass' their parents, not if they cared to keep their heads on straight. There in the woods my father and I worked together and came to know each other well. There we formed a friendship that held fast until he died. Never in all our life

together did a harshness mar our companionship. If there were impatient thoughts they passed off unexpressed."

After a few paragraphs on the relationship between his mother and himself, he adds: "There had been in my world one being who had always thought of me before herself. One friend who would never forsake me, however good or bad I might be, had been granted me. Wherever I was, whatever I did, she would be with me, helping me.

"Now that one was gone. There could never be another such. Devoted friends and loving family there could be, but a mother, only one!"

In West Virginia young Walter had been shut in by the hills, always longing to know what was beyond them. When he was nine he started on the four-day journey, requiring eight changes of cars, which took him to the plains of Nebraska. He pictures the small western town and many of its townsmen most interestingly. "One who grows up in a village and throughout his life returns there has this rare privilege. He sees the lives of his childhood mates from their infant beginnings to their aged ends. He can chart the paths they have traveled, measure their triumphs and defeats. He sees their lives clearly and he sees them whole. He sees no two lives in the least alike.

"Having had this rich experience, I could never see men as a mass, a class, a nationality, a race. I could only see each as a world in himself, with his need to be free, to be himself, uncoerced by me or by any machine or man."

We get in this book, through a boy's relating of it, an idea of the baffling problem of our modern machine-age economy; and the boy learns that his Uncle John, back in the hills of West Virginia, being his own market for his own product, was, albeit poor, a king. His Uncle Jim, out in Nebraska, his product in other hands and mouths, was producing richly, yet he was dependent, poor. There he saw the stubborn paradox, poverty in the presence of plenty, poverty produced by plenty; so that for all his enormous potato crop, his Uncle Jim got little more than enough to pay for the seed from which his crop grew.

Somehow, in his writing of this book, Walter Locke helps us to see America in the making, built by every individual citizen, including you and me. It is a good book for any American to read. Published by the Antioch Press, $3.00.

The *RADIO* MAIL BAG

By ETHEL WELLS SMALLEY

QUITE often I have the heartfelt pleasure of meeting someone who says, "Oh you write the Mail Bag!" And then they become real personal about it and we have what is for me a heartwarming little chat. I always get that same feeling of amazement that someone has really noticed some little comment I have made in this homey little opening to the interesting letters which Dr. Bradley receives. Those of our readers who

regularly subscribe to The Liberalist will perhaps recall that occasionally I have allowed the Book Chats to run over into the Mail Bag columns. That is a strong temptation in this issue, because not having finished the book "This World My Home," which is discussed in Book Chats, I opened it this morning at the chapter entitled "The Fortieth Street Road," and saw some lines of poetry which were very familiar because of having heard Dr. Bradley read them occasionally on a Sunday morning:

"A haze on the far horizon,
The infinite, tender sky,
The rich ripe tints of the cornfields . . .

and the rest, with its: "Some of us call it Autumn, and others call it God." On page 91 of Walter Locke's book, he speaks of his "baffled futility" as he watched a sunrise that his eyes told him was exquisite, yet he found he could not feel what his eyes declared. How he often felt unequal to the opportunity of expressing what he felt. He was hungry, needing to be fed; hungry to be filled with the ability of self-expression.

It was strange that I should read those very lines at a time when I was feeling baffled at trying to express what this book, "This World My Home," does for the reader. In one page it can give one the feeling of a whole decade in American life. It is kaleidoscopic in giving the varied picture, across the years, of the changing scene in the economic life of America. It is nostalgic in its effect on one who has lived, let us say, at least fifty years in America. One realizes also that the boy Walter Locke, as he grew to manhood, did acquire in excellent measure, that ability he longed for, to not only see but to feel and be able to express that which he felt. And best of all, he makes the reader see and feel it too.

The other day I came across two pieces of heavy paper which had been cut in the shape of keys. One key had the words printed on it: "Read the mind full." The other read: "Think the mind empty."

Walter Locke speaks of doing a lot of dreaming, as a young boy. And then he soliloquizes: "Why should the mind grind on such emptiness? Why not give it substance to gnaw upon? I could swallow enough food in half an hour to keep digestion going half a day. To be nourished in body there was no need to be eating all the time. To be nourished in mind I did not need to be reading all the time. Read deep awhile; then, resting the eyes, take time to digest it well."

At school in the city he lodged in the office of Don L. Love, a lawyer and philosopher, paying for that privilege with mop and broom. He put this problem to Mr. Love: "In what form can one get the most food for the mind with the least strain of the eye?" He answered: Poetry. "Great poetry," he said, "is the sap of life and sum of knowledge boiled down to the syrup of wisdom, intelligence." Poetry as rhyme and story Walter Locke had long enjoyed. The poem as life and wisdom was yet to come.

As I read about Mr. Locke's yearning to be able to express himself fully in all that he felt, I thought of the great satisfaction it must be to one who, like Dr. Bradley, possesses in such rich measure the ability to express himself fully, beautifully and artistically; which brings me to a letter I want to tell you about.

* * *

Very recently a letter came to Dr. Bradley from Lt.-Colonel, GS, Edward W. Butzke, from Headquarters, Quartermaster Training Command, U. S. Army, Fort Lee, Virginia. He told of

being en route to Korea in 1954 and of hearing, while driving through the middle west a certain sermon of Dr. Bradley's. He said he had always found that from Dr. Bradley's sermons, when he was privileged to hear them, some thought would remain with him throughout the years to come. He enclosed in the letter a sermon which he had delivered in the Chapel at Fort Lee on Lay Sunday. In that sermon he told of how, years ago, when he was in the ninth grade in school, he had listened to a radio sermon given by Dr. Preston Bradley, Pastor of the Peoples Church in Chicago. It had been the birth date of Charles Darwin, and Dr. Bradley used the life of Darwin as the subject of his sermon, and told of Darwin's never - ending search for the truth. Eight years later he entered his senior year in College. He didn't take studying too seriously, one of his subjects was Sociology and he hadn't spent too much time on it. His professor told him he had not developed "a sociological viewpoint." At the end of the school year, at the final examination, he found that the exam consisted of a single question: "Using any individual you know or have read about, trace the development and effects of the sociological influences on his life."

He said he sat in a stupor like the others, when suddenly he remembered the sermon he had heard Dr. Bradley give eight years before. He chose Charles Darwin as his subject, wrote about how Darwin had been born with an unusually large nose, which caused him to be subjected to the taunts of his playmates, consequently he had developed into an introvert and became interested in books and studies. How his mother was a member of the famous Wedgwood pottery family in England and from her he inherited the love of beauty. His father was a chemist and from him he learned the love of truth. He traced each stage and step of his life until he wrote the famous "Origin of Species." When he went over to get his final grade for the course and received an "A", the professor told him he was the only member of the class who had truly developed a sociological viewpoint. And Lt.-Col. Butzke adds:

"It is needless for me to say that through this sermon on Charles Darwin, Dr. Bradley cast a far-reaching shadow into my life, an unconscious influence that made it possible for me to graduate."

The subject of Lt.-Col. Butzke's sermon was "How Long is Your Shadow?"

What a great satisfaction must such a letter be to Dr. Bradley, as he thinks of the thousands of people on whom his life has cast an effective influence!

So must the author of a fine book be gratified when he or she receives a letter of appreciation. You know one needs only to address the author in care of his publisher for the letter to be delivered. Perhaps some letters of appreciation are due from some of our readers, to the authors of books they have greatly enjoyed.

* * *

From the President of the Sunday Evening Club the following letter was received:

Dear Dr. Bradley:

Just a word of thanks and appreciation for the new radio feature "Words and Music." Both your words, and the Peoples Church Choir music come over clearly, and the message is cheerfully constructive and inspiring. I have enjoyed it each Sunday morning since the start, and shall look forward to it regularly.

I am the President of the Chicago Sunday Evening Club, so in a modest

way I am in your line of business. I hope I may have the pleasure of meeting you some day, and expressing my appreciation in person.

Sincerely yours,

Joseph O. Hanson.

* * *

A very pleasant letter came to me from Miss Laura Adams, a resident of the Old Peoples Home at 4724 Vincennes Avenue:

Dear Friend:

The poem on your Christmas greeting was so charming I am writing to thank you for it. I did not send any cards, but waited to see how many would remember me, and I am writing a note, which means far more than a card, to each one of them, for they are all very much younger than I.

I received over sixty cards, so I am having a very happy time writing to each one, some far and some near. Of course my old time friends of Edgebrook never forget me. Mary Burkmeyer Quinn and Judge Bryant of Edgebrook are usually the first cards which I receive, and I enjoy the thought they have not forgotten me.

Mrs. Eddins of Dr. Bradley's Church came last fall to take our group to the church and then out for a ride in her car. I asked her to go out to Edgebrook, the most beautiful spot in Chicago. She did, and I sat in front and directed her, out Foster Ave. to Cicero and Forest Glen Avenue, where we met the old river and forests, and hills and valleys and golf courses —especially Billy Caldwall's, for that was our old farm, and we circled a driveway through the forest to reach my old home, which is on a hillside facing the river, on the golf course, and it will be 100 years old on March 21, 1958, when my parents came out there from Chicago to live. That is where no less than nine children were born, a very dear spot to me.

We finally went on up into the town of Edgebrook, and circling around the hills and valleys, we passed the home of a dear friend of mine, Mrs. Dr. Riley, a widow. I asked them please stop and let me make a ten minute call. They did. When I came in I had to explain to her how I got there. On the spur of the moment she asked us all in for a cup of tea. They were all willing, and we had a most delightful visit and tea for an hour.

Will close now, wishing you, Doctor and Mrs. Bradley, and the church, the best year ever.

Laura Adams.

* * *

What a great deal of pleasure this thoughtful kindness of our friend and member, Mrs. Helen Eddins, gave not only to Miss Adams, but to the other ladies from the Home who were with her. Not a big, planned event, but a thoughtful, spontaneous action. They are so often the most rewarding occasions.

* * *

Following are quotes from a letter by Harlan Tarbell, master magician, mentalist: "Thanks again for coming as a Guest of Honor to our Mid-West Region of the International Platform Assn. at the Hotel Congress in Chicago and helping to make our affair such a success. Your talk was really a masterpiece and well chosen. You recalled the old days of the Chicago and Lyceum and your early experiences. Needless to say no comedian or humorist could have gotten more real laughs than you did.

It is wonderful to have a friend like you who can take over and give such a talk from the heart. No one appreciates it more than I did."

* * *

KEEP—ON—THE—BEAM!

DR. BRADLEY'S ENGAGEMENTS

DECEMBER

1—Two sermons. Sunday, morning and evening, Peoples Church.
2—Address. Methodist Ministers Association. Chicago Temple.
Wedding.
Meeting, Pastor's Cabinet, Peoples Church.
3—Funeral.
Address. Luncheon. Chicago Rabbinical Association, Congress Hotel.
4—Book Lecture. Peoples Church.
5—Meeting. Committee on Nuclear Tests. Office of President Sparling, Roosevelt University.
Wedding.
Address. Annual Union Meeting, Rotary, Lions, Kiwanis, Park Forest, Ill.
6—Cut record. WBBM. "Words and Music."
Dinner at Mrs. Kenneth Sawyer Goodman's and to Goodman Theatre.
7—Address. Kewanee High School Auditorium. Agriculture Association.
Wedding.
8—Broadcast, "Words and Music."
Two sermons. Sunday, Morning and evening, Peoples Church.
Broadcast, WAIT.
Broadcast, WCFL.
9—Address. Liberal Ministers Assn., YMCA.
Funeral.
10—Luncheon for Awards, Chicago Commission on Human Relations.
Funeral.
Address. Ryder Community Center. Honoring Alva Rose, head of Chicago Housing Authority.
11—Address. Men's Club. 43rd Ave. Presbyterian Church, Gary, Ind.
12—Funeral.
Address. Uptown Lions Club. Edgewater Beach Hotel.
Conference, Mr. Roth, WGN.
Dinner at Congress Hotel with Dr. and Mrs. Charles Clayton Morrison and others, then to Symphony Concert.
13—Address. Uptown Chamber of Commerce, Edgewater Beach Hotel.
Cutting records for WCFL.
14—Cutting records, WBBM.
15—Broadcast, WBBM.
Two Sermons. Sunday morning and evening, Peoples Church.
Broadcast, WAIT.
Broadcast, WCFL.
16—Address. Advertising Men's Post American Legion, Henrici's Restaurant.
Funeral.
17—Address. Central Lions Club, Bismarck Hotel.
18—Cutting record, WGN.
Cutting record, WGN-TV.
19—Dictating Liberalist copy.
20—Wedding.
Funeral.
Annual Christmas Party, Church School, Anderson Hall.
21—Funeral.
Cutting records, WBBM.
Two weddings.
22—Broadcast, WBBM.
Two sermons. Sunday, morning and evening, Peoples Church.
Broadcast, WAIT.
Christening.
Broadcast, WCFL.
Annual Candle Light Service and Christmas Play.
23—Funeral.
Sick calls.
24—Wedding.
Christmas Eve Service, Peoples Church.
25—Christmas Dinner at home.
27—Funeral.
Interview, Mr. Roth, WGN-TV.
Address. International Platform Association, Congress Hotel.
28—Funeral.
Sick calls.
Address, Iroquois Memorial service, Public Library.
Wedding.
29—Two sermons. Sunday, morning and evening, Peoples Church.
Broadcast, WBBM.
Broadcast, WAIT.
Broadcast, WCFL.
30—Interview, WGN-TV.
31—Funeral.
Sick calls.
New Year's Broadcast, WBKB-TV, Channel 7.
Watch Night Service, Peoples Church.

FUNERALS

3—Mrs. Charlotte Kniss
9—Mrs. Walter Hermsdorf
10—Mr. Kenneth Hudson
12—Mr. Raymond Shaw
16—Mr. Arthur E. Manheimer
23—Mr. Emanuel Altman
27—Mr. Ed Kahn
28—Miss Rose Punch
31—Rosene Leidtke

WEDDINGS

2—Frances Belle Lowery and Maurice William Welborn
5—Hazel Boers and Harry Etzel
7—Joyce Jane Piper and Marion O. Skinner
20—Virginia Faendrick and Redio Ceppi
21—Virginia Mogk and Henry J. Bresnahan
Florence Penar and Larry Steele
24—Phyllis L. Kosch and Desmond C. Fortner
28—Sylvia Brumfield and Albert Galen

CHRISTENINGS

8—Michael Scott Chester, son of Mr. and Mrs. Maurice Chester
22—Ella Rosalie Wells (Adult)
Susan Alice Mohan, daughter of Mr. and Mr. Thomas Patrick Mohan

THE PEOPLES CHURCH

941 Lawrence Avenue

Sunday morning broadcast, WBBM, "Words and Music" ..... 7:30 a.m.
Choir rehearsals—Every Sunday. New members welcomed ..... 9:30 a.m.
Sunday School, Rex Styzens, Director, Religious Education:
Children over 10, 10 a.m.; children under ten years ..... 10:45 a.m.
Sunday morning service ..... 11:00 a.m.
Sunday morning service broadcast, WAIT ..... 1:00 p.m.
I.A.H. Club (High School group, every Sunday, Anderson Hall ..... 3:30 p.m.
Uptown Temple Club (single adults), every Sunday, Anderson Hall ..... 5:00 p.m.
Vesper Broadcast, WCFL, every Sunday ..... 5:45 p.m.
Sunday Evening Service ..... 7:00 p.m.
WKFM (103.5 FM), every Sunday morning service broadcast ..... 10:00 p.m.
WGN-TV, Channel 9, every Saturday, Dr. Bradley ..... 10:00 p.m.
WKFM (103.5 FM), every weekday night except Sunday, Rev. Kraft, "Candletime" ..... 9:30 p.m.
Wednesday Evening Book Lectures, Feb. 5, March 5 and April 2 ..... 8:00 p.m.
Woman's Club, Monday., Feb. 3, Literature Dept., Reciprocity Day, Book Review, Mrs. Dorothy Wherry. Mrs. Barbara Bachum, Chrmn. Hostesses: Mrs. John Raven, Mrs. G. W. Mills, Mrs. William Farnsworth ..... 1:00 p.m.
Tuesday, Feb. 18, Birthday Party, Mr. W. L. Jones, Chairman, Mrs. Irma Frank, Co-Chairman. Hostesses: Mrs. Wm. Berglund, Mrs. T. J. Nugent, Mrs. Carl Marinello, Mrs. Fred Herrmann ..... 12:30 p.m.
Professional and Business Woman's Club, Sunday, February 9th, to be announced 4:00 p.m.
Men's Club, Tuesday, Feb. 25, presenting "Show Biz," a History of the Home Talent Show, illustrated with colored slides, by L. E. McCloy. Open Meeting, ladies welcome, guest fee 50c ..... 8:00 p.m.
Couples Club meets 3rd Tuesday in Anderson Hall ..... 7:30 p.m.
The Uptown Players, J. Bradley-Griffin, Founder-Director, *In Memoriam.*
Ushers Club—Secretary, Harold E. Hansen, EDgewater 4-5998.
Senior Girl Scout Troop No. 97, Tuesdays at 4249 Greenview Ave ..... 7:00 p.m.
Intermediate Girl Scout Troop No. 187, every Thursday, Anderson Hall ..... 7:00 p.m.
Intermediate Girl Scout Troop No. 860, every Thursday, Anderson Hall ..... 3:30 p.m.
Brownie Scout Troop No. 630, every Thursday, Bradley Hall ..... 3:30 p.m.

Dr. Bradley's Broadcasting Schedule
Every Sunday

WAIT—Church Service Broadcast ..... 1:00 p.m.
WCFL—Vesper Broadcast ..... 5:45 p.m.
WBBM—"Words and Music"—Dr. Bradley and Peoples Church Choir ..... 7:30 p.m.
WKFM (103.5 FM)—Church Service Broadcast ..... 9:30 p.m

WKFM (103.5 FM)—"Candletime," Rev. Virgil A. Kraft, every weekday ..... 9:30 p.m.
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